

CRIME DOES NOT PAY.

# ALL TRUE CRIME STORIES

MARCH  
NO. 132  
10¢

# CRIME

## DOES NOT PAY

GAMBLER'S LIFE

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • PRODUCED BY CHARLES BIRO

YOU AIN'T GOT ENOUGH BULLETS TO STOP ME NOW! **NOBODY'S** GONNA KEEP ME FROM GETTIN' THAT IMITATION OF A RAT!

DON'T LET HIM GET ME!

WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU—DON'T COME ANY CLOSER!

SNOOKIE PETERS

LEV GLEASON  
PUBLICATIONS





WEB COMIC  
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# CONTEST WINNERS!

## PRIZE WINNERS IN THE PEDIGREED PUPPY CONTEST OF LEV GLEASON PUBLICATIONS, INC.

A contest offer appeared in the August issue of the Lev Gleason Comics. There was one prize, a **PEDIGREED PUPPY**. Readers were asked to choose their three favorite comic characters appearing in Lev Gleason Comics AND - write the reason that they liked this character best in 25 words or less.

The prize winner was **Bonnie Benore, Toledo, Ohio**, who submitted the following letter:

"I like **Sluggo, Curly, and Scarecrow** best because if you put them together they make an unbeatable team of kindness, thoughtfulness and generosity toward others, and a good example for others to follow."

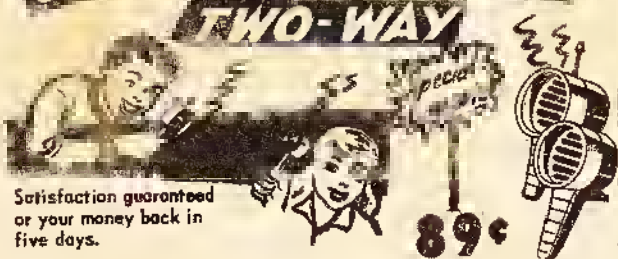
Although only one prize was offered, another letter among the many thousands of letters received was so good that Mr. Gleason decided to award a \$10 prize to **Paul Jason, New Bedford, Massachusetts**. In addition 8 other letters were outstanding. To each of these Mr. Gleason has sent a consolation prize of \$1. Those who have received this consolation prize are as follows:

**Paul Savage, Dickson City, Pa.**  
**Richard J. Gualano, New Britain, Conn.**  
**Teddy Camacho, Ysleta, Texas**  
**Eleanor Van Koeveling, Newark, N. Y.**

**Jerry Stephen Marks, Oxford, Ala.**  
**Patricia Phillips, Waterbury, Conn.**  
**Don Elliott, Colusa, Calif.**  
**Richard Harlan, Glasgow, Ky.**

Always look for interesting contests and other good things in **LEV GLEASON PUBLICATIONS COMIC MAGAZINES**.

## WALKIE TALKIES TWO-WAY



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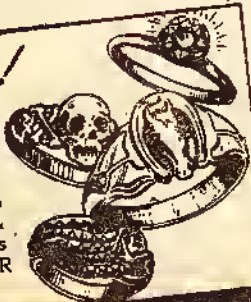
2 PHONES WITH LINE

SENDS—RECEIVES VOICE—SONGS—MUSIC:

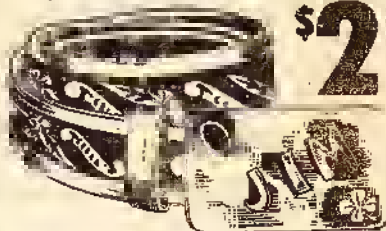
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Cash ☐ Check ☐ M.O. ☐ in the amount of \$  
☐ Belt, name, size \$2.98 ☐ Walkie Talkies 89¢  
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gift ring. SORRY, NO C.O.D.'s  
Skull ☐ Horsehead ☐ Snakes ☐ Solitaire ☐

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STREET \_\_\_\_\_ CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

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# BEGINNER'S HARD LUCK!

THE HEARTBREAK OF SNOOKIE PETERS

**S**NOOKIE PETERS TRIED NOT TO BE THE TYPE OF GAMBLER THAT HIS FATHER WAS! SNOOKIE ALWAYS STOPPED AFTER HIS FIRST ROLL—WIN OR LOSE, AND MADE OUT WELL...BUT READ WHAT HAPPENED WHEN HE BROKE HIS "ONE-ROLL" RULE!

COME ON, EIGHT! EIGHT'S MY POINT!

SNOOKIE—YOU'RE FANTASTIC! YOU CAN'T LOSE!

HE'S BREAKIN' THE BANK! SEND OVER TO JOE'S FOR FIFTY GRAND—WE'LL NEED IT!

DON'T WORRY, BOYS! IF HE WINS, HE'LL BE BACK FOR MORE!



IN CONSIDERATION OF INNOCENT PERSONS INVOLVED AND RELATIVES OF OTHERS, THE NAMES OF CHARACTERS DEPICTED IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE FICTITIOUS. ANY SIMILARITY TO NAMES OF PEOPLE LIVING OR DEAD IS ENTIRELY COINCIDENTAL. THIS IN NO WAY AFFECTS THE ACCURACY OF THESE STORIES WHICH ARE BASED ON FACT.

**A TRUE CRIME STORY**

EVERYBODY IN THE BIG CITY HIGH SCHOOL LIKED SNOOKIE PETERS! BUT HE WOULDN'T STOP SHOOTING DICE IN THE SCHOOL YARD! HE HAD BEEN CAUGHT AND WARNED SEVERAL TIMES! FINALLY, THE PRINCIPAL SENT FOR MRS. PETERS...

BUT, MA! HONEST! I JUST WANTED TO BUY YOU SOME NEW CLOTHES—FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY WITH THE WINNINGS!

I BROUGHT YOU UP TO BE HONEST! I SCRUB FLOORS SO I CAN GIVE YOU AN EDUCATION, AND NOW THE PRINCIPAL SENDS FOR ME AND SAYS, "DICE!" YOU'RE JUST LIKE YOUR FATHER—MAYBE WIND UP LIKE HIM WITH A BULLET IN YOUR BACK!

PRIN IPAL

AFTER SO MANY WARNINGS, WE CANNOT TOLERATE SUCH PRACTICES IN THIS SCHOOL! IT'S A DISGRACE TO ALL OF US! I'M SORRY, I'LL HAVE TO DISMISS YOUR SON, MRS. PETERS!

IT'S A TERRIBLE SHAME TO YOUR MOTHER, SNOOKIE.

LET'S GO, MA—I CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF THIS DUMP, ANYWAY!



PHOTOGRAPHS USED IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE POSED BY PROFESSIONAL MODELS.



SOON AFTER SNOOKIE LEFT THE SCHOOL GROUNDS...



BUT WE WEREN'T DOING ANYTHING, OFFICER CLARK!

YOU KNOW IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO GAMBLE ON THE STREET! COME ON, SNOOKIE! I'M TAKING YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS TO THE STATION HOUSE!



WE'RE LETTING YOU FOUR BOYS GO! BUT IF I HEAR OF YOU GAMBLING ON THE STREETS AGAIN, IT'S REFORM SCHOOL FOR ALL OF YOU!

YOU'RE GETTING OFF LIGHT, SNOOKIE! THESE KIDS STAYED AWAY FROM SCHOOL ON ACCOUNT OF THE DICE GAME!



LATER, SNOOKIE AND HIS PAL, BEANY, FOUND WORK...



WELL, THAT'S ALL FOR ME, BOYS! THANKS FOR THE TWENTY BUCKS!

WHY DON'T YOU ROLL AGAIN, SNOOKIE? MAYBE YOUR LUCK'S IN!

YOU'LL NEVER GET HIM TO ROLL TWICE! HE ONLY PLAYS ONCE—JUST FOR KICKS!



LATER...

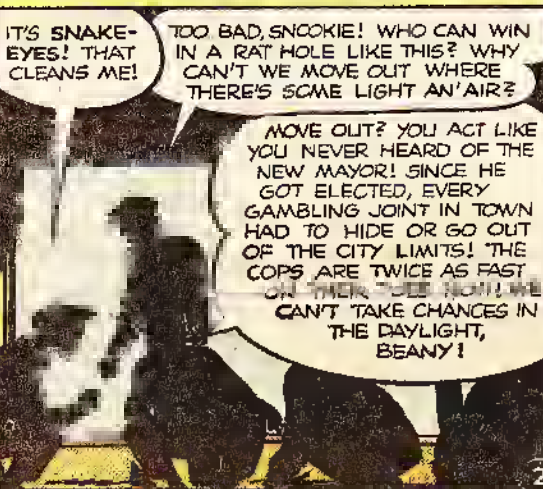


ALL THESE THINGS FOR ME? YOU'RE NOT GAMBLING AGAIN, ARE YOU?

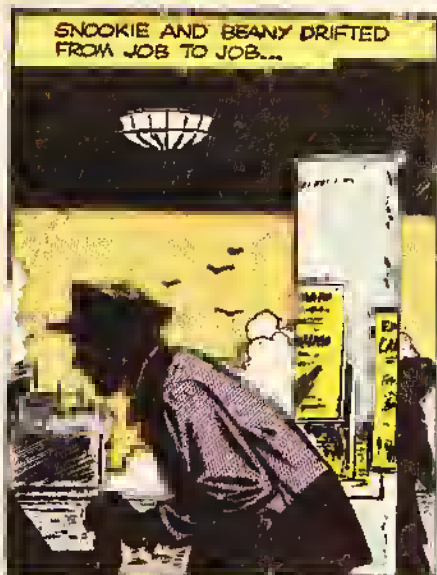
WHO, ME? I GOT MY FIRST PAY TODAY, AND IT WAS BIGGER THAN I EXPECTED!

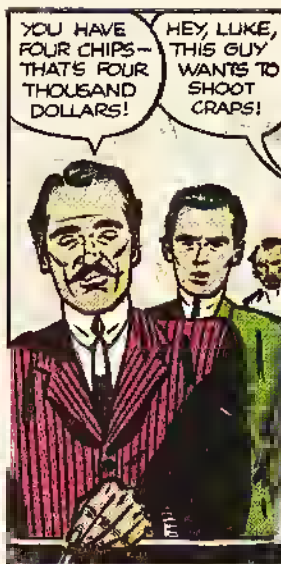


THE NEXT PAY DAY, SNOOKIE AND BEANY WENT TO JOHNSON'S POOL ROOM! SNOOKIE BET HIS PAY CHECK AND ROLLED...













NOW HAND  
OVER THAT  
TEN GR...  
**OOF!**

NO,  
YOU  
DON'T!

HEY,  
BEANY!  
DON'T  
HIT HIM  
TOO  
HARD!



LET'S RUN, FOR IT,  
SNOOKIE! **HEY--**  
WHAT'RE YOU  
DOING?

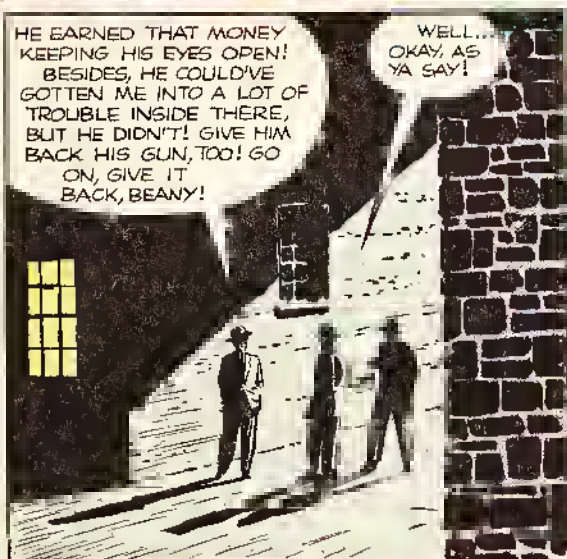
WAKE UP,  
MISTER,  
WAKE  
UP!

OHH...WHAT  
HAPPENED?



YOU ALL RIGHT,  
MISTER? HERE'S  
YOUR TEN GRAND!  
YOU EARNED IT!

**SNOOKIE! HAVE  
YOU GONE NUTS?**



HE EARNED THAT MONEY  
KEEPING HIS EYES OPEN!  
BESIDES, HE COULDN'T  
GOTTEN ME INTO A LOT OF  
TROUBLE INSIDE THERE,  
BUT HE DIDN'T! GIVE HIM  
BACK HIS GUN, TOO! GO  
ON, GIVE IT  
BACK, BEANY!

WELL...  
OKAY, AS  
YA SAY!



HERE--MY  
CRAZY FRIEND  
SAYS THIS  
BELONGS TO  
YOU!

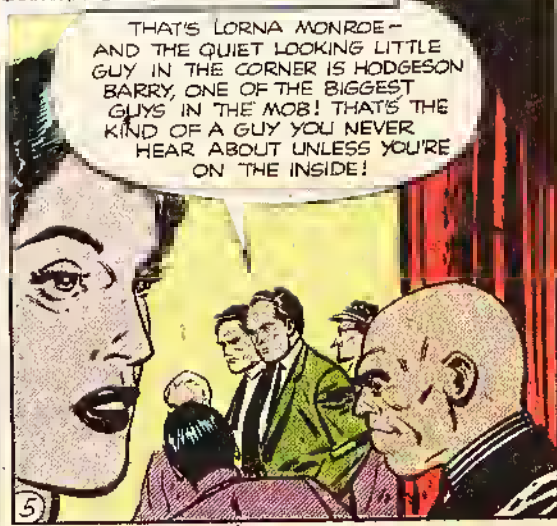
I NEVER MET A  
COUPLE OF KIDS LIKE  
YOU BEFORE! ANY TIME  
YOU WANT ANYTHING,  
YOU CAN COUNT ON ME,  
OLD SLIMMIE GIBSON!  
YOU GOING TO BE  
AROUND TOMORROW?



SURE, HE WILL!  
BY THE WAY, HIS  
NAME'S SNOOKIE,  
AN' MINE'S  
BEANY!

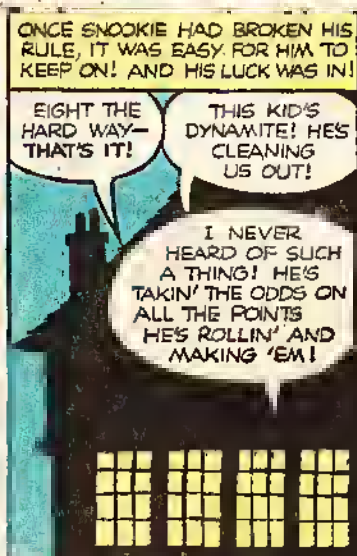
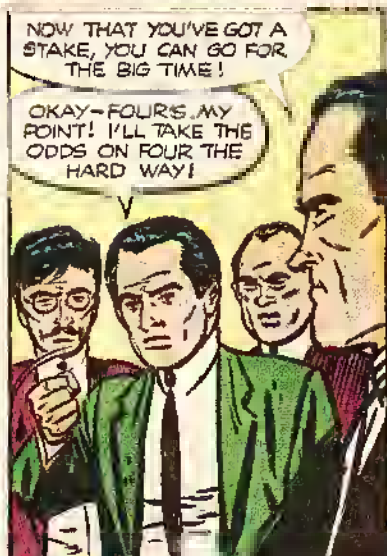
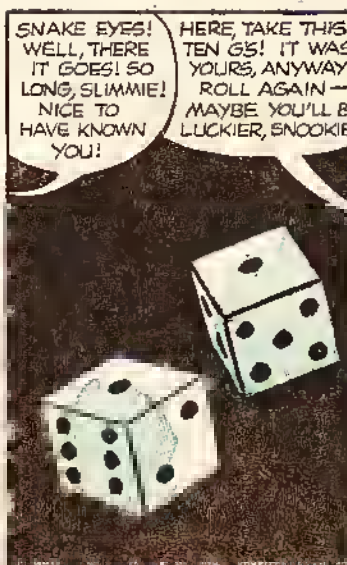
SO LONG, SLIMMIE!  
SEE YOU TOMORROW  
NIGHT!

SNOOKIE WAS BACK THE NEXT NIGHT! AND A GRATEFUL  
SLIMMIE SHOWED HIM AROUND...

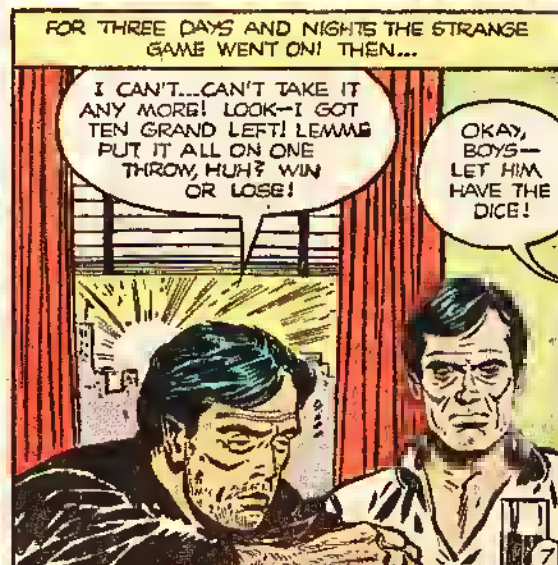
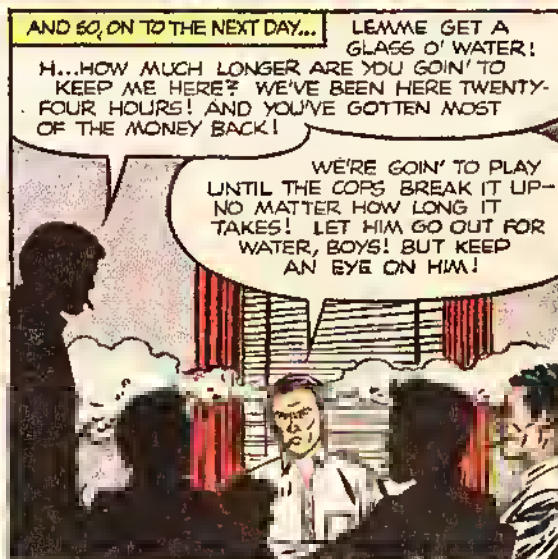


THAT'S LORNA MONROE--  
AND THE QUIET LOOKING LITTLE  
GUY IN THE CORNER IS HODGESON  
BARRY, ONE OF THE BIGGEST  
GUYS IN THE MOB! THAT'S THE  
KIND OF A GUY YOU NEVER  
HEAR ABOUT UNLESS YOU'RE  
ON THE INSIDE!

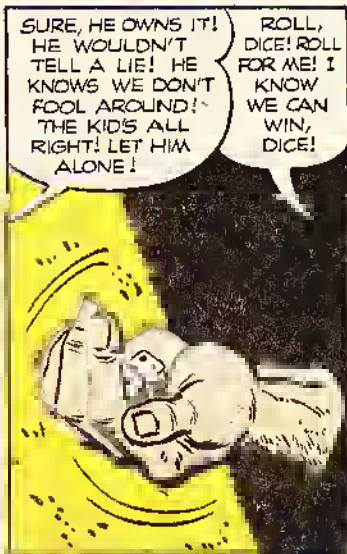
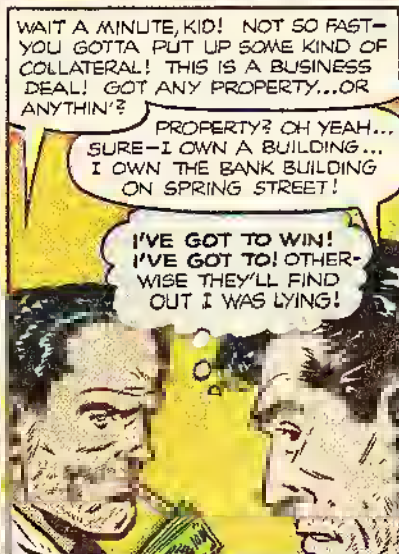




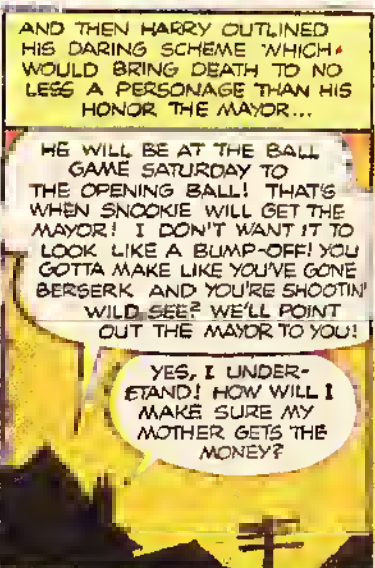
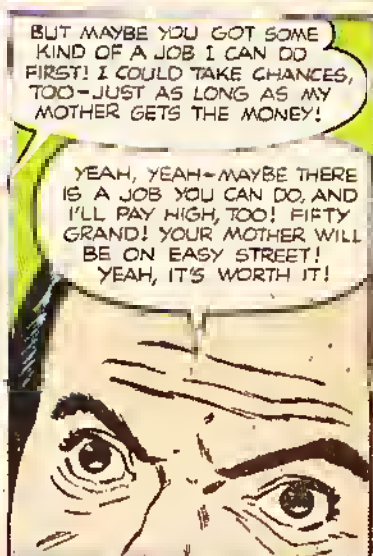
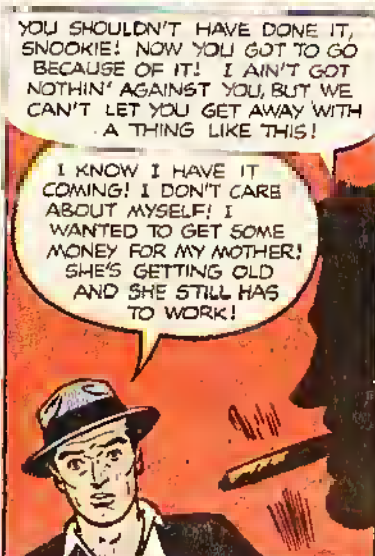




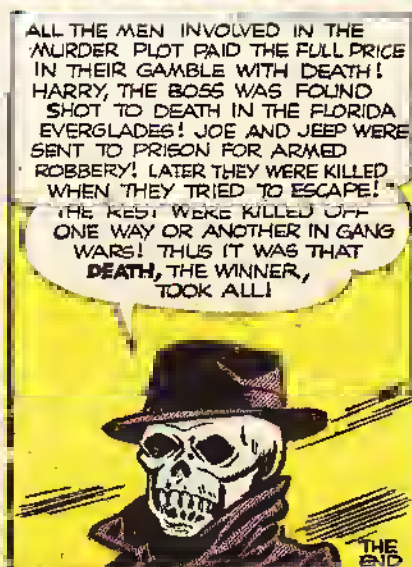
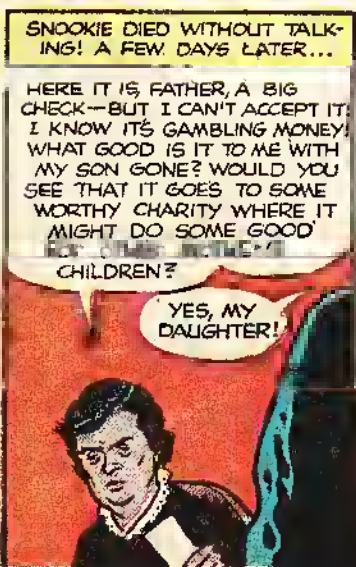
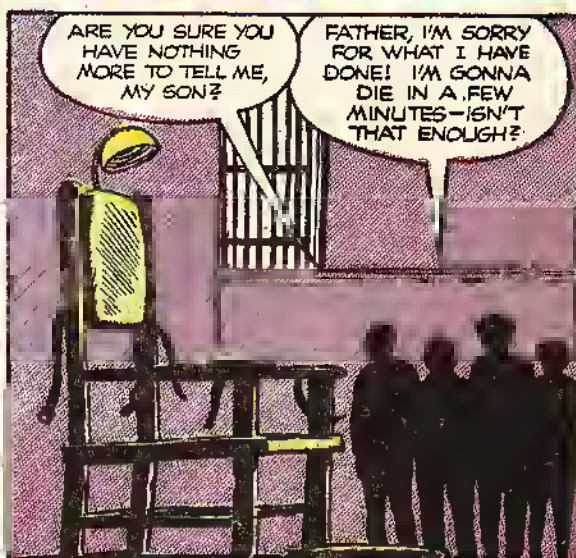
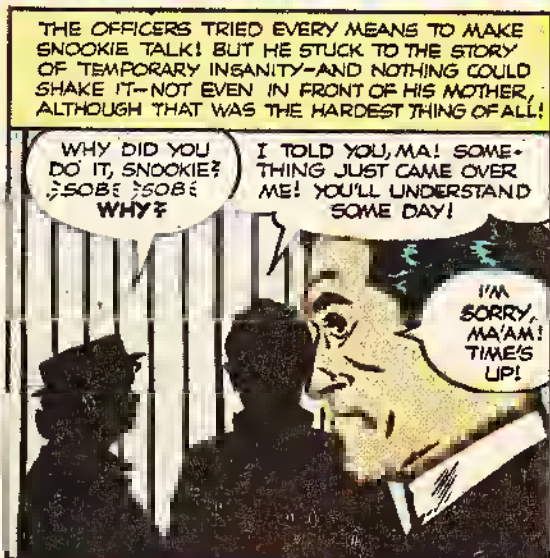




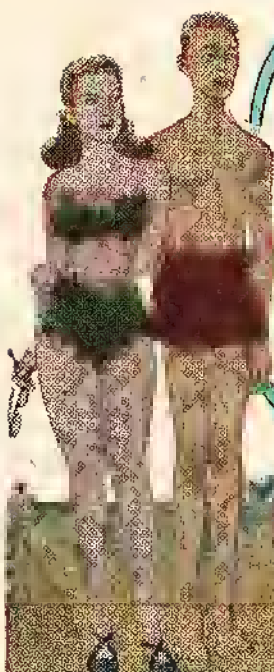






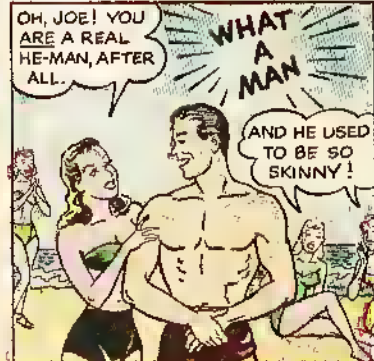
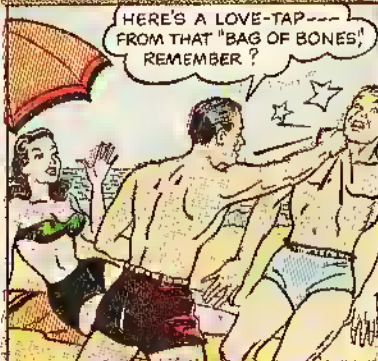
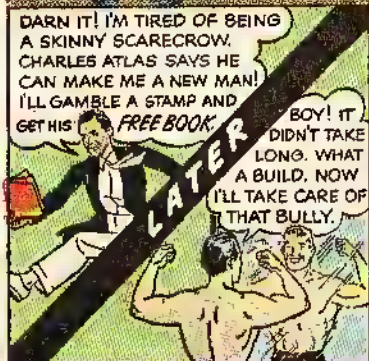
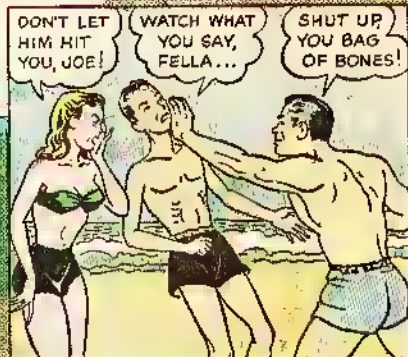






# Hey SKINNY!

**...YER RIBS ARE SHOWING!**



## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!



**CHARLES ATLAS**

Holder of title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 254A, 115 East 23 St., New York 10, N. Y.**

Send me — absolutely FREE — a copy of your famous book, *Everlasting Health and Strength* — 32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital questions, and valuable advice. This book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way

Name..... Age.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

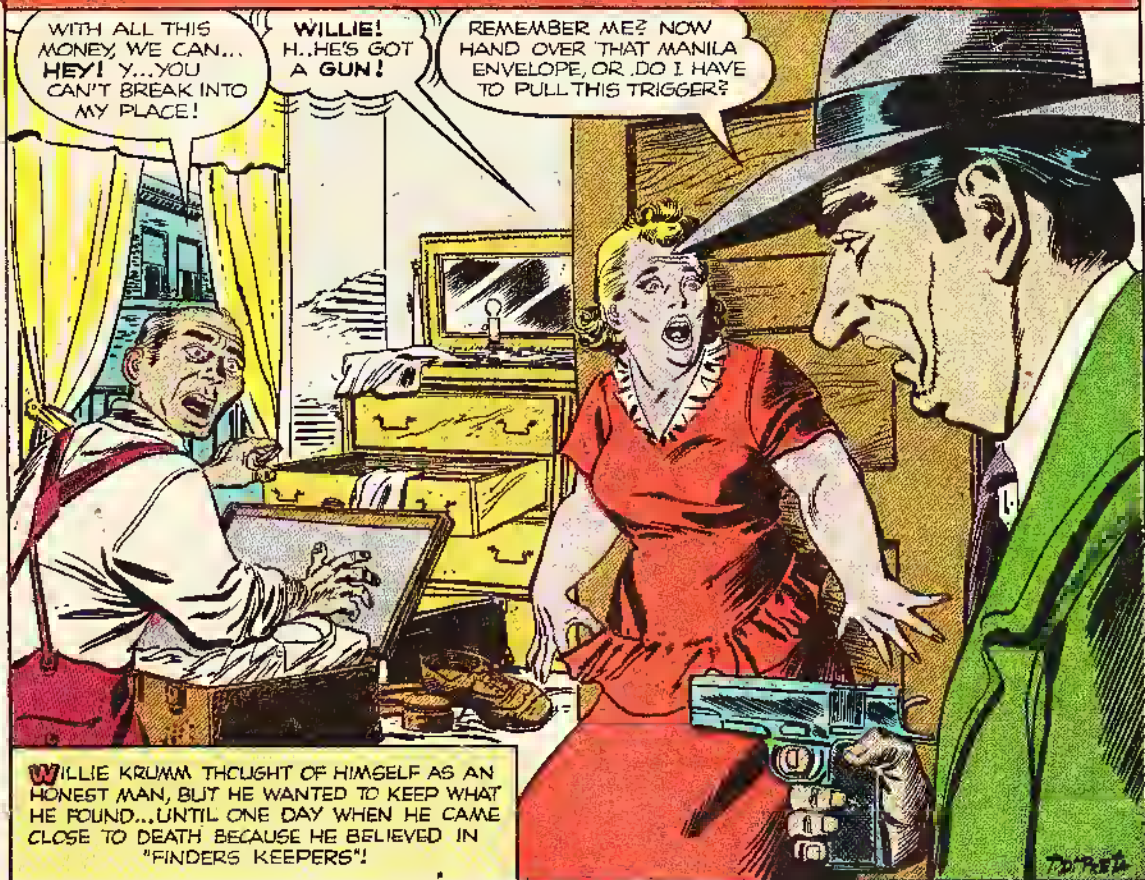
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☐ If under 14 years of age check here for Booklet A.





# FINDERS WEEPERS



WILLIE KRUMM THOUGHT OF HIMSELF AS AN HONEST MAN, BUT HE WANTED TO KEEP WHAT HE FOUND...UNTIL ONE DAY WHEN HE CAME CLOSE TO DEATH BECAUSE HE BELIEVED IN "FINDERS KEEPERS"!

ONE AUTUMN MORNING IN 1937, TWO DRIVERS WERE TALKING IN THE LOST AND FOUND OFFICE OF THE MERCURY TAXI COMPANY...

IF YOUR KIDS WANT A DOG SO MUCH, WHY DON'T YOU TAKE HIM HOME WITH YOU, ERNIE, INSTEAD OF TURNING HIM IN? ANY DAME THAT'D LEAVE A DOG IN A CAB DOESN'T DESERVE TO GET HIM BACK—FINDERS KEEPERS, I ALWAYS SAY!

I WISH I COULD, WILLIE, BUT I WOULDN'T FEEL RIGHT!



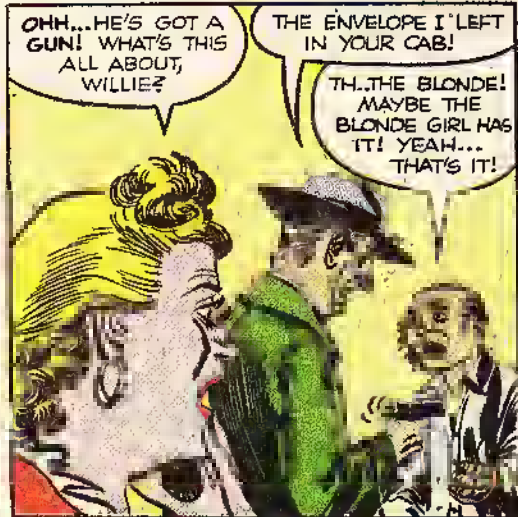
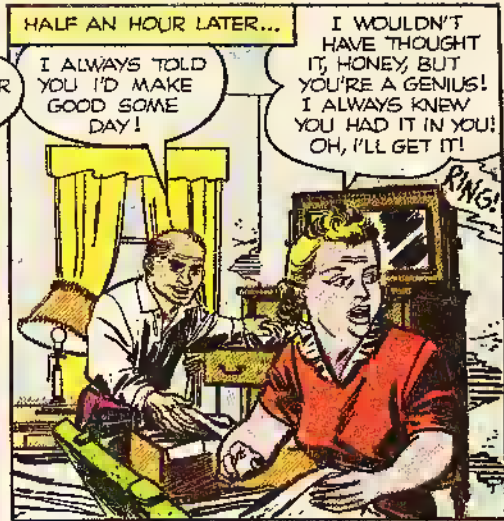
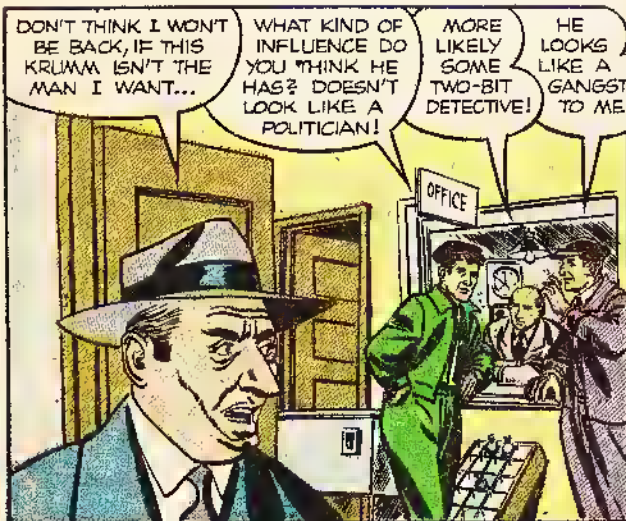
LATER, KRUMM WAS HAILED BY A MAN WITH A LARGE HEAD, A BIG SCAR ON HIS FACE, AND STUMPY ARMS...



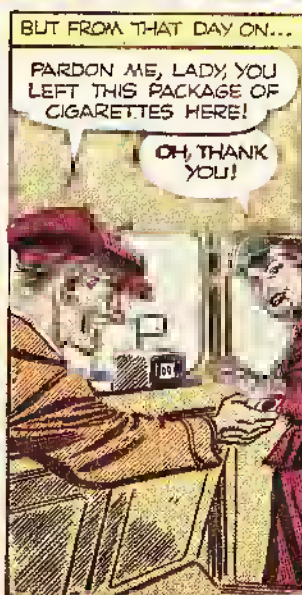












WILLIE KRUMM NEVER DID FIND OUT WHETHER THE SCAR-FACED MAN WAS A POLITICIAN, COP, OR MOBSTER! ALL HE CARED ABOUT WAS TO AVOID ANY UNPLEASANTNESS BY LIVING A CLEAN LIFE!

—THE END—



# THIS AND MURDER!

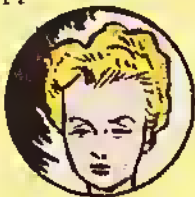
He killed the old man and then fled into the night -- and might have gotten away with it. That is the way it was planned -- but this is the way it happened . . . . .



**OLD JUDSON,**  
collector of  
rare coins.



**BARRINGTON,**  
his gardener.



**HELEN JUDSON,**  
his niece.



**INSPECTOR  
CALLAHAN,**  
of homicide.

The rain fell in a deluge early in the evening, and thunder boomed loudly in the heavens, but old Judson -- seated in the warm study of the great, antiquated house -- was oblivious to the howlings of nature, and interested only in the glittering coin collection which he fondled.

He would let the coins fall clinkingly from his wrinkled hands into the strong box, then he would retrieve them, smile down at them and let them fall again. He loved those coins -- loved to hold them, feel of them, look at them, and listen to them as they clinked and clinked into the strong box.

These coins, he reminisced, easily would bring a fortune on the market -- but these coins weren't for sale, not at any price. One doesn't sell what he loves.

There was a knock on the door.

Judson closed the lid of the strong box and with the smile still lingering on his face, asked, "Who is it?"

"Barrington, sir," the gardener replied.

"Ah, yes, Barrington," Judson said. "Come in."

Barrington, a slight, nervous man, walked into the room. Judson didn't look up at him, but reopened the strong box and once again fondled the coins.

"Has Helen returned yet?" Judson asked.

"No, sir," replied Barrington. "In fact, she didn't say when she would return. I suppose she's gone out with young Anderson again, if you don't mind my presumption, sir, and heaven knows when she will return. She merely drove off."

"Barrington," Judson said, ignoring his gardener's remark about his niece, "we have something in common. We both love our hobbies. I, my coins -- you, your flowers. I see the same beauty in my coins that you see in the flowers outside. Can you understand that, Barrington -- can you understand a man seeing beauty in hard, shiny metal?"

"Yes, sir," Barrington replied, quite obediently. "But a flower has a fragrance. Metal doesn't."

"Quite right, Barrington. Quite right."

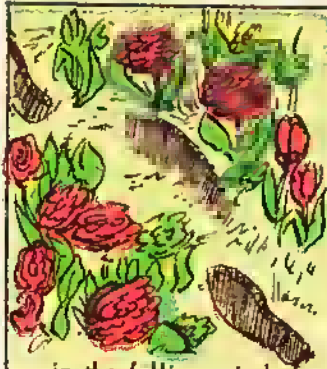
The coins clinked as they tumbled from Judson's hands into the strong box. Barrington eyed them, and the glitter in his eyes matched the glitter in the coins. Barrington coughed nervously, then said:

"The Prowler has been heard of again, sir. A house was burglarized not more than a mile from here -- it happened only last night. The evening papers carry an account of it."

"The Prowler, indeed!" replied Judson, with a trace of scorn. "Poppycock! The moment someone commits a crime, the newspapers label him with an ominous-sounding name . . . The Prowler, an ordinary burglar, that fellow. Nothing more. The Prowler, indeed!"

Judson still hadn't looked up from his coins. He failed to see Barrington's right hand close tightly over a heavy candlestick. He failed to hear Barrington tiptoe softly up be-





hind him. He failed to sense the descending candlestick. He failed to hear the coins -- far the last time -- fall clinkingly from his hands. Judson was dead.

Barrington stared down at his victim, then suddenly remembered the deadly candlestick in his hands. He wiped his fingerprints from it, placed it beside the dead man and looked at the opened strang box.

"My coins now," he said aloud. "You've trapped them here long enough. Now they shall find a market. A very worthwhile market I might add, sir, and good old Barrington shall be many thousands of dollars richer." It was at that moment that a car was heard in the driveway, and Barrington turned to see the headlights shimmering

in the falling rain before the garage.

"Helen," he whispered hoarsely,

Clutching the strang box under his arm, he stepped out of the window, dropped into the garden and fled into the night.

"Can't let her see me," he said to himself. "My plan is too good to spoil. They'll think it was The Prowler."

By morning the rain had stopped. Inspector Callahan removed his trench coat and draped it over a chair. He faced the young girl before him.

"Your name is Helen Judson and you are the dead man's niece. You found him here -- in this room -- murdered. Is that correct?"

"Yes, Inspector," she replied.

She then sat down, mopped her eyes with a handkerchief, and bit her lower lip until it turned white. "I had been out with Frankie Anderson," she continued, "but he felt ill, so I came home early. Uncle was lying there . . . dead. That is all I know, Inspector."

"I see," said Callahan. He then stuffed his pipe, lit it and blew a column of smoke up at the chandelier. "This is all routine, of course," he added. "Headquarters figures this was strictly a job done by The Prowler." He paused, relit his pipe, and sat down. He stared momentarily at the crevice beneath the door across the way. "I suspect your gardener is standing out there," he said. "Why don't you ask him in?"

"Come in, Barrington," Helen called out. There was a pause, the door opened, and Barrington stepped in, catching nervously.

"Yes, sir," he said, looking at Callahan.

Callahan stood up, blew smoke again at the chandelier, and spoke: "You'll make no move unless I say so, Barrington. I have waited for your return -- to make my arrest. In my pocket is a revolver. I am a fairly good shot, and you are a fairly good target."

Barrington stood still. "I don't understand sir," he said, with a mixture of amazement and defiance.

"You understand flowers, don't you?" said Callahan, "And, I might add, you understand coins. That is why you killed the old man, isn't it -- to get the coins?" Barrington stiffened.

"You have no proof, sir," the gardener said.

"Your flower garden is my proof," Callahan countered.

Helen stood up and gaped wide-eyed at Callahan.

"You mean," she gasped, "that Barrington killed my uncle? But, Inspector you've been here less than an hour! How on earth could you possibly arrive at such a conclusion?"

"Simply this," Callahan replied. "I took a turn around the house -- and checked the ground outside the window from which the killer fled. There is a carefully tended flower garden. There are tracks in the garden -- the tracks of the killer." Callahan relit his pipe.

"An ordinary deduction," he said between puffs. "The killer carefully avoided stepping on a single flower. I further deduce that only a man who loves flowers -- such as Barrington -- would go to such pains to avoid crushing them."

Barrington winced. Callahan stepped over to him and produced handcuffs.

"Holmes wouldn't exactly take his hat off to me for such a deduction," the Inspector said, "but he'd certainly flunk me out of my job for not arriving at such a simple conclusion. Let's go down to headquarters, Barrington -- you can tell us all about it."



# GAIN MORE WEIGHT IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!



## SKINNY

MEN ARE OFTEN ASHAMED TO STRIP FOR SPORTS OR FOR A SWIM!

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE-CATCHING CURVES!

CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT AND ARE UNDER-WEIGHT, OFTEN CALLED SKINNY!

Now at last More-Wate plan that puts firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.



Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. **Guaranteed** to give you up to an **extra pound a day!** Or your money back! Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're underweight\* . . . or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, you can put on up to a pound a day of attractive weight without exercise . . . dangerous drugs . . . or special diet . . . and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible . . . with MORE-WATE. MORE-WATE contains no

dangerous drugs . . . you eat it like candy! Yet . . . if you were to have this same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain 4-way MORE-WATE tablets . . . a full 10 days' supply . . . for just \$1.00 or a 30 day supply for only \$2.98, plus a 10 day supply free, with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, try MORE-WATE for TEN DAYS . . . and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose . . . and weight to gain! Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads

summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't. Don't be a wall-flower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! Gain more weight!

**10-DAY SUPPLY \$1.00 ONLY**

The 4-way MORE-WATE tablets are **unconditionally guaranteed** to put on weight . . . or it doesn't cost you a penny! MORE-WATE is a delicious, full strength, 4-way tablet . . . that combines not just one . . . or two . . . but 4 of the most amazing aids for gaining weight known to medical science. MORE-WATE is not a liquid . . . not a powder. It's delicious, pleasant-tasting tablet! It contains vitamin B-12 . . . the amazing red vitamin doctors give many underweight patients in hospitals . . . It contains iron that helps correct iron deficiency, anemia and builds rich, red blood. It contains appetite-building vitamin B-1 . . . and it contains nutrients easily assimilated malt, the amazing ingredient that helps your body turn much of the food you eat into well rounded flesh instead of being wasted. That's the secret of putting on weight. Now you can help your food to add new pounds to your arms, chest, hips, thighs, and legs. Now you don't have to be skinny . . . or afraid to be seen socially and be ashamed of your figure! You must achieve the figure you want . . . or don't pay anything. Act now!

We don't want SKINNY on our team!



Not one child yet has failed to go for and ask for more MORE-WATE tablets! Stop worrying about children not eating enough, give them MORE-WATE tablets—it stimulates their appetite . . . they eat it like candy!

## SENSATIONAL 10-DAY TEST!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing MORE-WATE tablet plan for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and our scale do not tell you that you have gained weight and look better you pay nothing!

## MAIL THIS NO RISK TRIAL COUPON NOW!

MORE-WATE CO., Dept. 153

318 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

Just mail us your name and address, and \$1.00 cash, check or money order. You will receive a 10 day supply of MORE-WATE tablets and plan, postage prepaid.

☐ Send me 30 day supply plus an extra 10 day supply (that's a 40 day supply) for \$2.98. I understand that if I am not delighted with MORE-WATE tablets and plan, I can return the 30 day supply in 10 days for full purchase price refund, and keep the 10 day supply without charge.

NAME.....ADDRESS.....

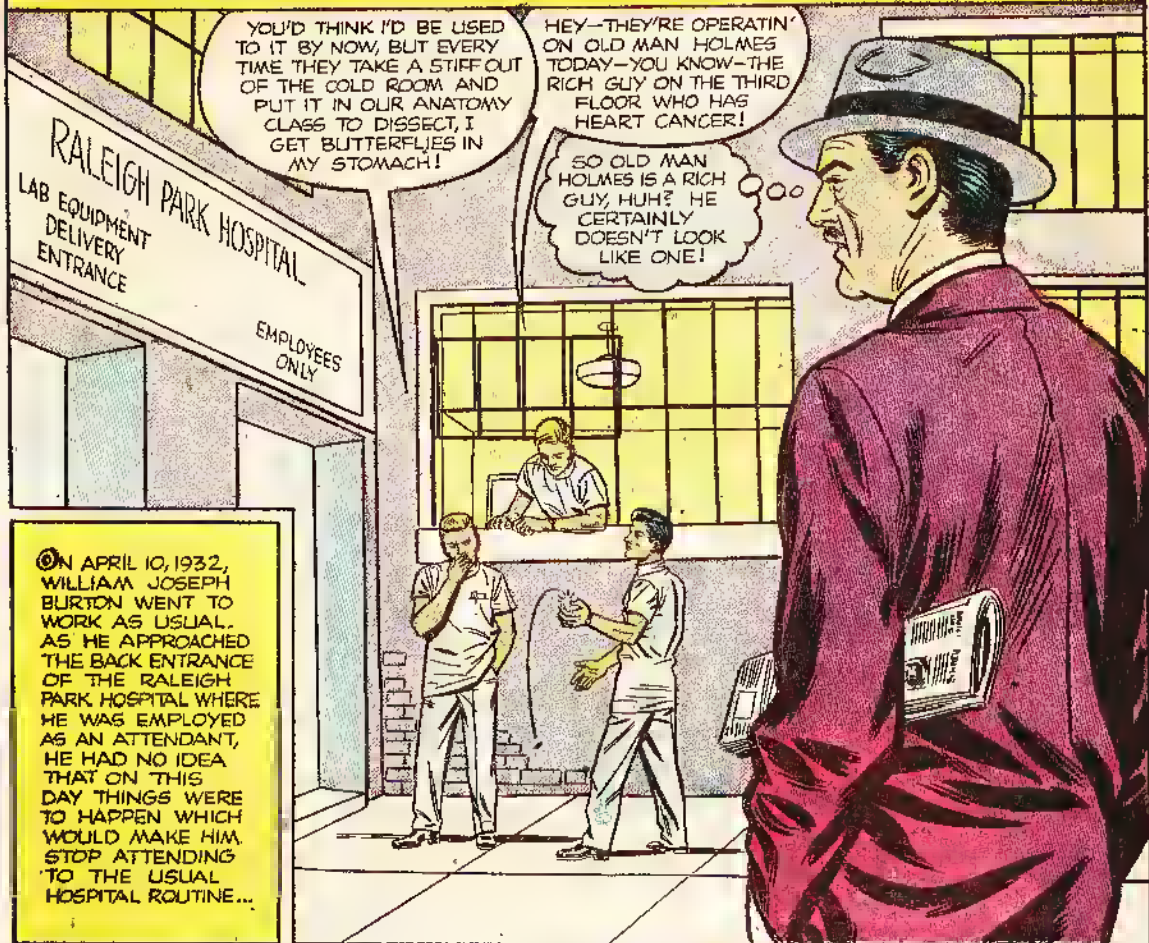
CITY.....STATE.....

**SENT ON APPROVAL—MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST**





# A FAT TIP FOR MURDER



YOU'D THINK I'D BE USED TO IT BY NOW, BUT EVERY TIME THEY TAKE A STIFF OUT OF THE COLD ROOM AND PUT IT IN OUR ANATOMY CLASS TO DISSECT, I GET BUTTERFLIES IN MY STOMACH!

HEY—THEY'RE OPERATIN' ON OLD MAN HOLMES TODAY—YOU KNOW—THE RICH GUY ON THE THIRD FLOOR WHO HAS HEART CANCER!

SO OLD MAN HOLMES IS A RICH GUY, HUH? HE CERTAINLY DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ONE!

ON APRIL 10, 1932, WILLIAM JOSEPH BURTON WENT TO WORK AS USUAL. AS HE APPROACHED THE BACK ENTRANCE OF THE RALEIGH PARK HOSPITAL WHERE HE WAS EMPLOYED AS AN ATTENDANT, HE HAD NO IDEA THAT ON THIS DAY THINGS WERE TO HAPPEN WHICH WOULD MAKE HIM STOP ATTENDING TO THE USUAL HOSPITAL ROUTINE...

I HEAR HOLMES' DAUGHTER IS A KNOCKOUT! I HOPE SHE WANDERS INTO OUR ANATOMY CLASS BY MISTAKE, TAKES ONE LOOK AT ME AND FALLS MADLY IN LOVE WITH ME!

HA—THAT'S A HOT ONE—YOU LOOK MORE LIKE THE CRIMINAL TYPE THAN A SMOOTH-LOOKING ROMEO!

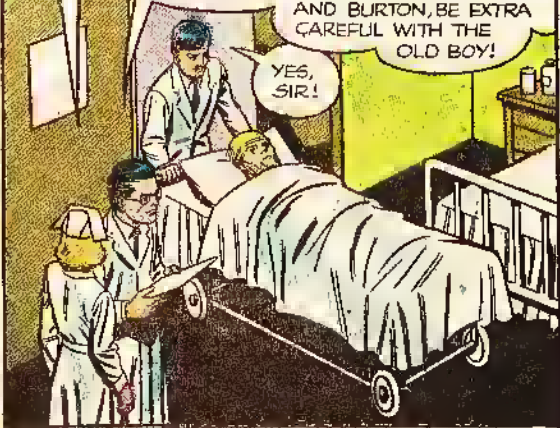


LATER...

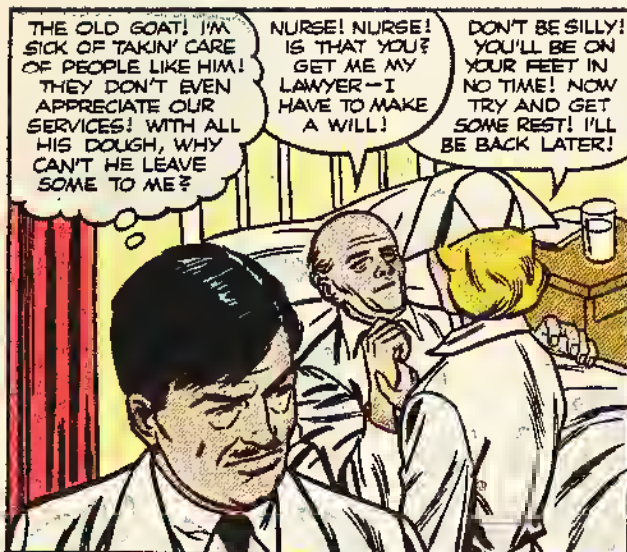
IS THERE ANY HOPE, DOCTOR?

NO, HE'S TOO FAR GONE! HE WON'T LAST ANOTHER 48 HOURS! PUT HIM ON THE CRITICAL LIST, AND NOTIFY HIS RELATIVES, MISS ELLIOT! MEANWHILE, KEEP HIS HOPES HIGH—I WANT HIM TO BE ALIVE UNTIL HIS FOLKS GET HERE! AND BURTON, BE EXTRA CAREFUL WITH THE OLD BOY!

YES, SIR!



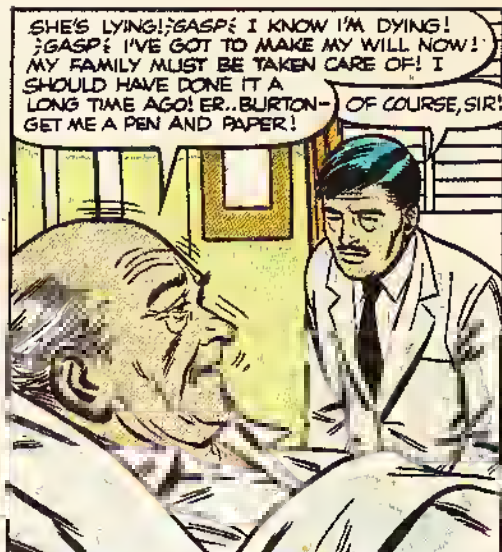




THE OLD GOAT! I'M SICK OF TAKIN' CARE OF PEOPLE LIKE HIM! THEY DON'T EVEN APPRECIATE OUR SERVICES! WITH ALL HIS DOUGH, WHY CAN'T HE LEAVE SOME TO ME?

NURSE! NURSE! IS THAT YOU? GET ME MY LAWYER—I HAVE TO MAKE A WILL!

DON'T BE SILLY! YOU'LL BE ON YOUR FEET IN NO TIME! NOW TRY AND GET SOME REST! I'LL BE BACK LATER!

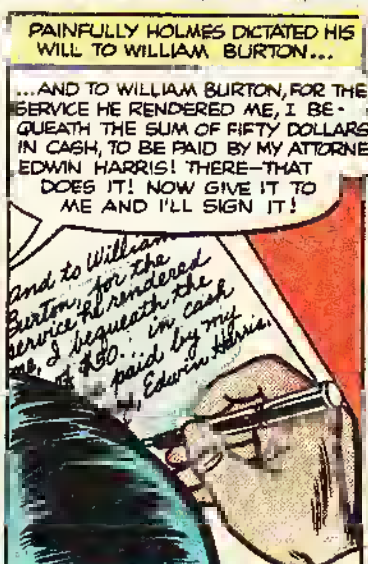


SHE'S LYING! GASP! I KNOW I'M DYING! GASP! I'VE GOT TO MAKE MY WILL NOW! MY FAMILY MUST BE TAKEN CARE OF! I SHOULD HAVE DONE IT A LONG TIME AGO! ER... BURTON—GET ME A PEN AND PAPER! OF COURSE, SIR!



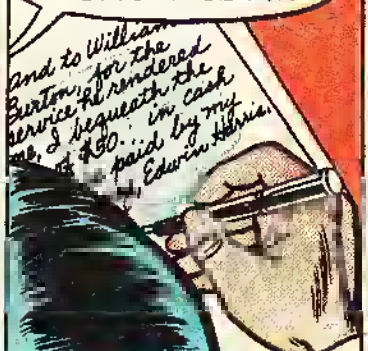
NOW WRITE DOWN WHAT I SAY!

YES, SIR! I'M READY!



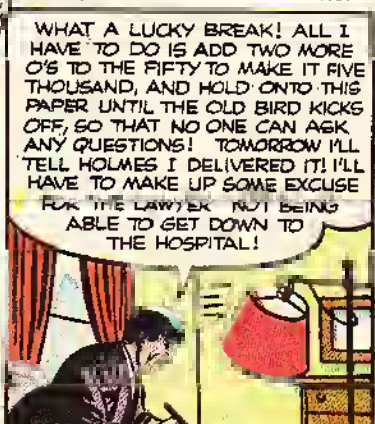
PAINFULLY HOLMES DICTATED HIS WILL TO WILLIAM BURTON...

...AND TO WILLIAM BURTON, FOR THE SERVICE HE RENDERED ME, I BE-  
QUEATH THE SUM OF FIFTY DOLLARS  
IN CASH, TO BE PAID BY MY ATTORNEY  
EDWIN HARRIS! THERE—THAT  
DOES IT! NOW GIVE IT TO  
ME AND I'LL SIGN IT!



And to William  
Burton, for the  
service he rendered  
me, I bequeath the  
sum of \$50... in cash  
to be paid by my  
attorney, Edwin Harris.

HOLMES' SIGNATURE WAS WITNESSED BY TWO NURSES ON DUTY! BURTON WAS INSTRUCTED TO DELIVER THE WILL TO ATTORNEY HARRIS! THAT NIGHT, INSTEAD OF GOING TO THE LAWYER'S HOUSE, HE WENT TO HIS OWN...



WHAT A LUCKY BREAK! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS ADD TWO MORE O'S TO THE FIFTY TO MAKE IT FIVE THOUSAND, AND HOLD ONTO THIS PAPER UNTIL THE OLD BIRD KICKS OFF, SO THAT NO ONE CAN ASK ANY QUESTIONS! TOMORROW I'LL TELL HOLMES I DELIVERED IT! I'LL HAVE TO MAKE UP SOME EXCUSE FOR THE LAWYER NOT BEING ABLE TO GET DOWN TO THE HOSPITAL!



THE NEXT MORNING...

THANKS FOR DELIVER-  
ING IT, BURTON! I  
WONDER WHY HARRIS  
ISN'T HERE YET!  
CALL THE OFFICE  
FOR ME AND  
FIND OUT WHAT'S  
KEEPING HIM,  
BURTON!

YES, SIR,  
MR. HOLMES!  
I'LL DO IT  
RIGHT AWAY!  
OH, GOOD  
MORNING,  
DOCTOR!

HOW'S OUR  
PATIENT  
TODAY?



MISS ELLIOT, BE ESPECIALLY CAREFUL IN HANDLING MR. HOLMES! THE SLIGHTEST PRESSURE ON THAT BANDAGE ON HIS CHEST IS LIABLE TO CAUSE IMMEDIATE DEATH! I'M TRYING TO KEEP HIM ALIVE UNTIL HIS FAMILY GETS HERE FROM THE WEST COAST! HE WANTS TO SEE THEM!

YES, DOCTOR!



BURTON—  
WHERE'S MY  
LAWYER?

HE WASN'T IN, SIR, SO  
I LEFT A MESSAGE!



I'VE GOTTA SEE HARRIS, NURSE! GET ME A PHONE! GET ME A PHONE, OR I'LL GET OUT OF BED! I SWEAR I WILL!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? YOU KNOW YOU MUSTN'T GET EXCITED, MR. HOLMES! HERE... GIVE ME THE NUMBER AND I'LL MAKE THE CALL FOR YOU RIGHT AWAY!

NOW'S MY CHANCE... WHILE SHE'S OUT! HE'S GOT TO DIE BEFORE THE LAWYER GETS HERE! I'LL JUST PRESS DOWN ON THAT BANDAGE!

BURTON... DID YOU REALLY CALL MY LAWYER... BURTON - DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT!

I'M JUST GOING TO FIX YOUR BED SO YOU'LL REST BETTER! YOU'LL NEED REST, MR. HOLMES - LOTS OF REST! UGH! THERE!

STOP IT! OWWW! YOU'RE HURTING ME! HELP! AAGHH...

I THOUGHT I HEARD SOME NOISE IN HERE! HIS LAWYER'S ON THE WAY DOWN!

I HEARD THE NOISE, TOO! THAT'S WHY I CAME BACK IN! HE LOOKS BAD! YOU BETTER LOOK AT HIM!

HE'S DEAD! THAT'S FUNNY! IT HAPPENED SO SUDDENLY! HE MUST'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET UP! THERE'S BLOOD ALL OVER HIS BANDAGE!

THE EXCITEMENT ABOUT THE TELEPHONE MRS. HAVE BEEN TOO MUCH FOR HIM! WE'D BETTER NOTIFY THE DOCTOR!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, ED HARRIS ARRIVED! BURTON HANDED HIM THE WILL...

I WROTE IT FOR HIM LAST NIGHT! WE WERE RATHER FRIENDLY, YOU KNOW!

IT WILL HOLD UP LEGALLY! WHEN! YOU WEREN'T KIDDING WHEN YOU SAID YOU WERE FRIENDLY! HE LEFT YOU A LOT OF MONEY! I'LL CALL YOU IN A FEW DAYS!

HARRIS WAS DEFINITELY SUSPICIOUS OF BURTON! LATER, IN HIS OFFICE, HARRIS SPOKE TO HIS ASSISTANT, TOM WHITAKER...

THERE'S SOMETHING PHONY ABOUT THAT WILL! IT'S LEGAL AND AIRTIGHT, ALL RIGHT, BUT I KNOW THAT THE OLD MAN WOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT THE ATTENDANT SO MUCH MONEY! BURTON PULLED A FAST DEAL! BUT HOW?

DO YOU THINK THAT MAYBE HOLMES WAS FORCED TO GIVE SO MUCH?

HARDLY! THE NURSES WHO WITNESSED THE SIGNATURE WOULD HAVE NOTICED SOMETHING... UNLESS THERE'S SOME CONNECTION BETWEEN THEM AND BURTON! I'M GOING DOWN TO THE HOSPITAL AND NOSE AROUND! I'LL MEET YOU LATER AT JERRY'S BAR!

OKAY, ED!





THAT EVENING...  
HI, ED! HAVE ANY LUCK?  
HELLO, MR. HARRIS! WHAT'LL IT BE?  
THE USUAL, TOMMY!



I HAVE A FEELING THE NURSE KNOWS MORE THAN SHE'S TELLING - THE ONE WHO WAS ON DUTY WHEN THE OLD MAN DIED! HER NAME'S FRAN ELLIOT!  
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?



PAY OFF! IF BURTON PULLED SOMETHING, AND THE NURSE KNOWS IT, I HAVE A HUNCH SHE'LL SEE HIM WHEN HE GETS THE MONEY, AND TRY TO SHAKE BURTON DOWN FOR SOME!  
SUPPOSE SHE DOESN'T?



THEN HE'S IN THE CLEAR! I TOLD BURTON TO COME FOR THE MONEY TOMORROW! I SAID IT IN FRONT OF HER SO SHE KNOWS HE'S COLLECTING! I WANT YOU TO PLANT YOURSELF IN THE CORRIDOR!  
SURE - OKAY, ED!



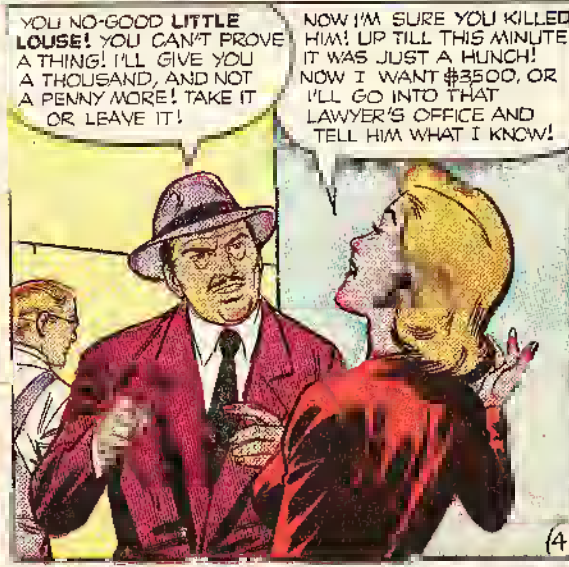
THE NEXT DAY...  
THERE YOU ARE, MR. BURTON - \$5,000 IN CASH, JUST LIKE MR. HOLMES WANTED! THE BEST OF LUCK TO YOU!  
OH, THANK YOU! THANK YOU!



FRAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE?  
I CAME TO HELP YOU CARRY YOUR MONEY! IT MUST BE HEAVY! I THINK I'LL TAKE HALF, BURTON!



YOU'RE CRAZY! WHY SHOULD I GIVE YOU HALF?  
I NEED A VACATION! I'VE BEEN THINKING TOO MUCH! LATELY I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THE WAY OLD MAN HOLMES DIED, AND I CAN'T SLEEP AT NIGHT! \$2,500 MIGHT HELP ME TO RELAX!



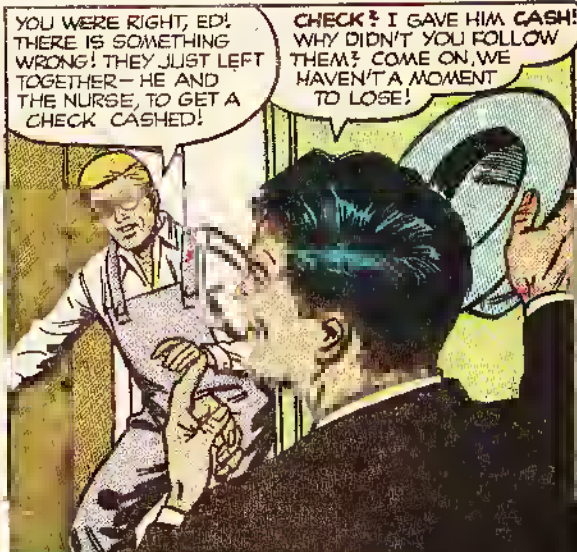
YOU NO-GOOD LITTLE LOUSE! YOU CAN'T PROVE A THING! I'LL GIVE YOU A THOUSAND, AND NOT A PENNY MORE! TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!  
NOW I'M SURE YOU KILLED HIM! UP TILL THIS MINUTE IT WAS JUST A HUNCH! NOW I WANT \$3500, OR I'LL GO INTO THAT LAWYER'S OFFICE AND TELL HIM WHAT I KNOW!





YOU WIN — YOU HAVE ME OVER A BARREL! YOU KNOW, I LIKE SMART GIRLS! I CAN'T GIVE YOU THE MONEY NOW, THOUGH! THEY GAVE ME A CHECK, AND I HAVE TO HAVE IT CASHED!

I'LL GO WITH YOU — JUST TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T GET LOST!



YOU WERE RIGHT, ED! THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG! THEY JUST LEFT TOGETHER — HE AND THE NURSE, TO GET A CHECK CASHED!

CHECK? I GAVE HIM CASH! WHY DIDN'T YOU FOLLOW THEM? COME ON, WE HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE!



HEY, BURTON — THIS ISN'T THE WAY TO THE BANK!

I KNOW! I HAVE TO GO HOME FIRST AND GET SOME IDENTIFICATION! THE BANK WON'T CASH THE CHECK, OTHERWISE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

SHE'S NOT IN HER APARTMENT! LET'S TRY BURTON'S PLACE! THEY MAY HAVE GONE THERE!

DO YOU THINK HE'D KILL HER?



MEANWHILE, IN BURTON'S APARTMENT...

WHAT'S TAKING YOU SO LONG, BURTON? THAT BANK CLOSES AT THREE AND YOU KNOW I HAVE TO BE AT WORK AT FOUR!

DO YOU?



YES...WH...WHAT'S THAT ROPE FOR? WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO? EEEEE!

DON'T GET EXCITED! I'M NOT GOING TO HURT YOU...YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO GO ON A VACATION! WELL, I'M SENDING YOU...



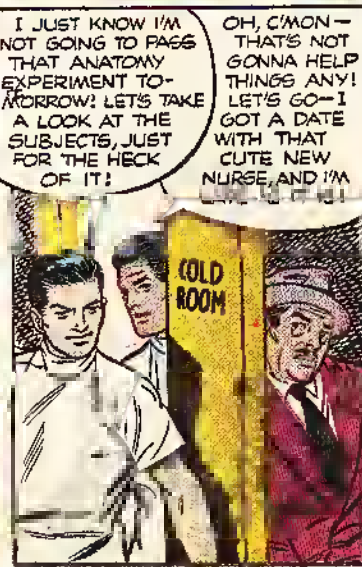
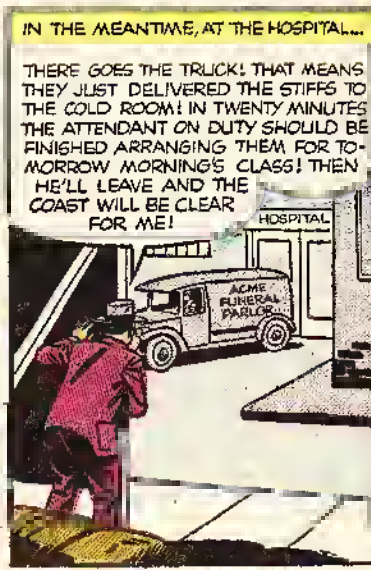
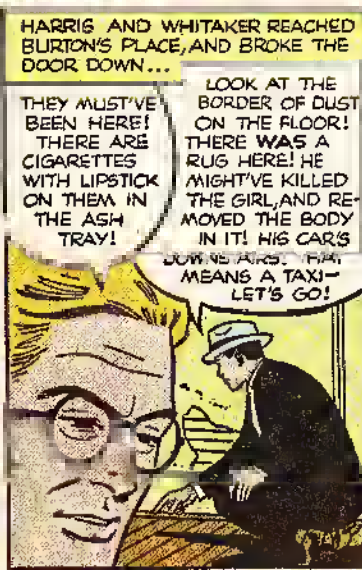
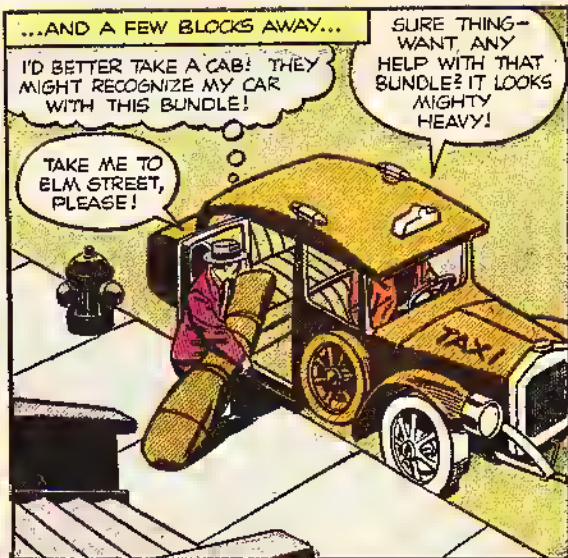
PERMANENTLY!

HELP! HELP! EEEAGHH!



THAT TAKES CARE OF YOU, SISTER! BY THE TIME I FINISH FIXING YOUR FACE, NO ONE WILL RECOGNIZE YOU... AND YOU'RE GOING TO BE ON THE ANATOMY TABLE — JUST ANOTHER SUBJECT!







IT WAS ALMOST TEN BEFORE HARRIS AND WHITAKER GOT A LEAD...

IT'S THE ZENITH CAB COMPANY! THE DRIVER JUST CAME IN!

HELLO...YES... ELM STREET YOU SAY? RIGHT IN BACK OF THE HOSPITAL?



HE DROPPED SOME PAPERS IN THE CAB! MUST HAVE FALLEN OUT OF HIS POCKET WHEN HE PICKED THAT RUG UP! JUST A FEW ADDRESSES AND A TRAIN SCHEDULE!

A TRAIN SCHEDULE?... THANK YOU!



YOU CHECK AROUND THE HOSPITAL, TOM! I'M GOING TO THE RAILROAD STATION! I'LL CALL YOU THERE LATER TO SEE IF YOU FOUND ANYTHING!

RIGHT- I'M ON MY WAY!



YEAH! WE FOUND HER, ED! THE SKUNK DISFIGURED - HER FACE AND PUT HER IN THE COLD ROOM! WE CHECKED THE DELIVERIES AND THERE WAS ONE EXTRA BODY! DID YOU FIND ANYTHING, ED?

NOTHING, TOM! HE'S PROBABLY GONE ALREADY, OR ELSE MY HUNCH ABOUT HIM TAKING A TRAIN WAS WRONG! I SHOULD HAVE CALLED THE POLICE AND HAD THEM COVER OTHER MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION...WAIT- THAT'S HIM NOW!

STOP THAT MAN! DON'T LET HIM THROUGH!

HARRIS!



OPEN THIS GATE! LET ME IN!

SORRY, SIR- YOU'LL HAVE TO GET THE NEXT ONE! LEAVES IN HALF AN HOUR!

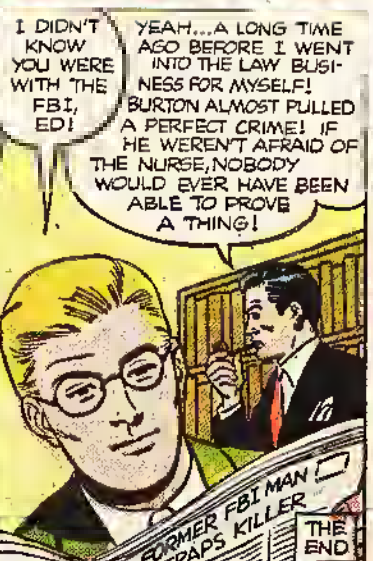
DON'T COME ANY CLOSER, HARRIS, OR I'LL...AAH..

THIS SHOULD TAKE CARE OF HIM! THIS GUY SHOULD MAKE A DATE WITH A PSYCHIATRIST!

NOW HE HAS A DATE WITH THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE WITH THE FBI, ED!

YEAH...A LONG TIME AGO BEFORE I WENT INTO THE LAW BUSINESS FOR MYSELF! BURTON ALMOST PULLED A PERFECT CRIME! IF HE WEREN'T AFRAID OF THE NURSE, NOBODY WOULD EVER HAVE BEEN ABLE TO PROVE A THING!



FORMER FBI MAN TRAPS KILLER THE END

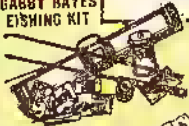




ROY ROGERS  
FLAG  
CAMERA



GABBY HAYES  
FISHING KIT



WATCHES FOR  
BOYS AND GIRLS



ELECTRONIC  
TWO-WAY  
WALKIE-TALKIE

BOY SCOUT  
KNIFE AND AX

ROLLER  
SKATES



BOYS' OR GIRLS'  
BICYCLE

WALKING  
GOLL



RED RYDER CARBINE

# BOYS, GIRLS, MEN, WOMEN! The World is on FIRE **PRIZES!**

Serve The LORD and You Can Have These

We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page... or dozens of others, such as rifles, jewelry, basketballs, silverware, home appliances, watches... all WITH-OUT ONE PENNY OF COST. Crime, sin, graft, wars are the greatest they have ever been. Our leaders say a reawakening of Christianity is needed to save us. You can do your share by spreading the gospel into every home in your community. Merely show your friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or more to hang in every room. An amazing value, only 36c... sell on sight. Secure big, cash commissions or exciting prizes for selling just one set of 24 Mottos, Big Prize catalog sent **Free!** Serve the LORD and earn the prizes you want.

**SEND NO MONEY... We Trust You**

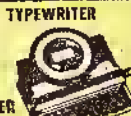
**OR MAKE MONEY!**



ROY ROGERS OR  
DALE EVANS  
LAMP



TEXAN JR.  
GUITAR



TYPEWRITER



ARCHERY SET



ALSO UKELELE  
WITH ARTHUR  
BOURFREY PLAYER

TABLE  
TENNIS  
SET

VANITY SET



SPORT  
EQUIPMENT

## HERE'S HOW YOU GET YOUR PRIZES

Rush your name and address on coupon and we ship at once prepaid your first set of 24 Big size, 9x11, richly decorated Mottos On Trust. When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the \$8.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. If you prefer to earn money, send \$6.00 and keep \$2.40. Hurry, send now for 24 Mottos on Trust and Big Prize Catalog free.

The FUNman, Dept. B-137, 4545 N. Clark St., Chicago 40, Ill. **FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG**

Please rush to me on credit 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at 36c each. Also include Big Prize Catalog Free. I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a prize or keep cash commission, as explained under description of prize in BIG PRIZE CATALOG. PRINT BELOW.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

STREET or RFD \_\_\_\_\_

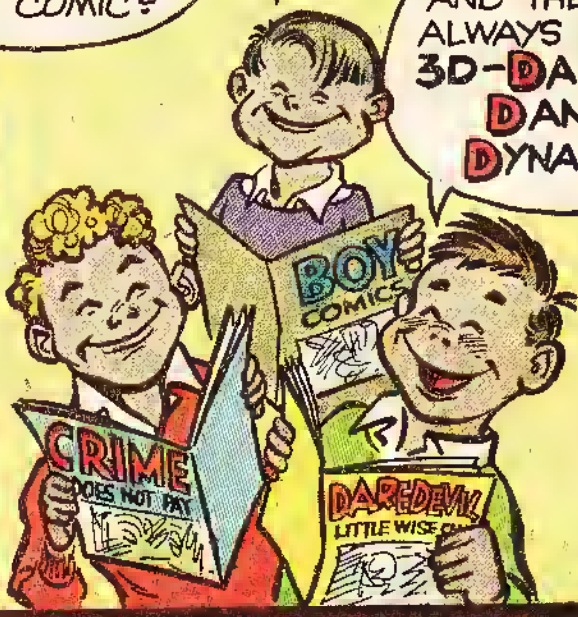
TOWN \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



I WONDER WHY  
GLEASON AND BIRO  
DON'T PUT OUT A  
3-D COMIC?

BECAUSE IT'S THE  
STORIES THAT COUNT!

AND THEY'VE  
ALWAYS BEEN  
3D-DARING!  
**DANDY!**  
**DYNAMIC!**



**for AMERICA'S FASTEST SELLING COMICS**





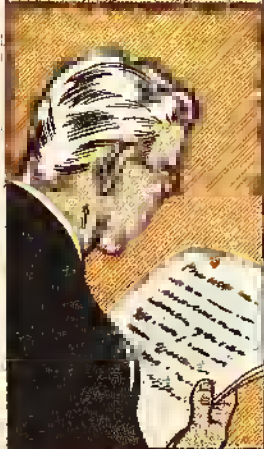
# I BEG YOUR PARDON



THE LIFE OF  
A MAN IS IN  
YOUR HANDS!

**Y**OU ARE THE GOVERNOR OF A LARGE EASTERN STATE! AMONG YOUR MANY DUTIES IS THE ONE OF DEFENDING THE PUBLIC INTEREST AND PROTECTING THE PEOPLE FROM ITS ENEMIES! YOU HOLD IN YOUR HAND A PLEA FOR A PARDON FOR WILLIAM FERRICK, A CONVICT AT STATE PRISON, WHO HAS BROKEN THE LAW NOT ONCE, BUT MANY TIMES! A STROKE OF YOUR PEN MEANS FREEDOM FOR HIM! WILL YOU TURN HIM LOOSE, OR MAKE HIM SERVE HIS FULL SENTENCE? HIS FATE IS YOURS TO DECIDE!

YOU'VE SEEN BILL FERRICK'S RECORD! HE IS AN INCORRIGIBLE LITTLE CROOK WHO NEVER LEARNED HIS LESSON!



WHEN BILL WAS NINE, HE WAS ARRESTED WITH ANOTHER BOY FOR STEALING ...



B..BILL!  
GASP! WE'RE  
CAUGHT!

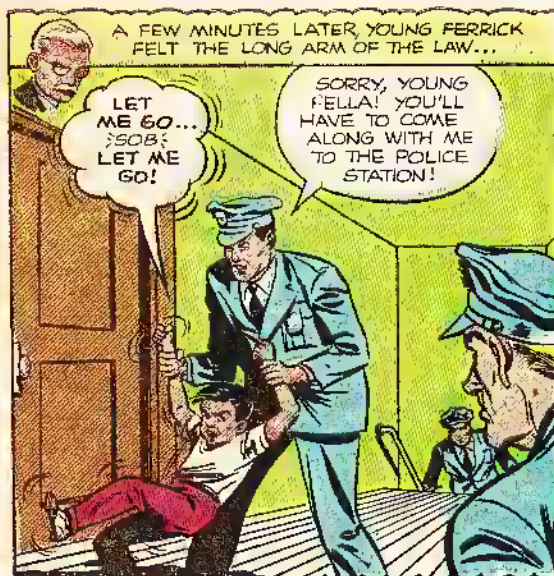
NOT M...ME!  
I'M GONNA  
MAKE A RUN  
FOR IT!

COME BACK!  
YOU LITTLE  
DEVIL!



SAYS  
YOU!

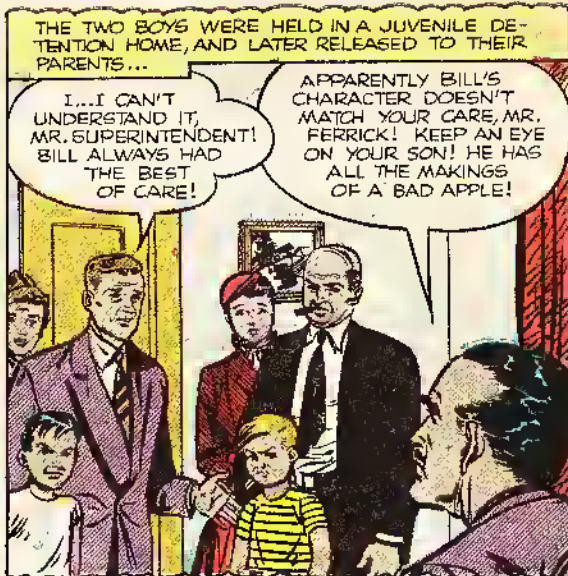




A FEW MINUTES LATER, YOUNG FERRICK FELT THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW...

LET ME GO...  
;SOB;  
LET ME GO!

SORRY, YOUNG FELLA! YOU'LL HAVE TO COME ALONG WITH ME TO THE POLICE STATION!



I...I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, MR. SUPERINTENDENT! BILL ALWAYS HAD THE BEST OF CARE!

APPARENTLY BILL'S CHARACTER DOESN'T MATCH YOUR CARE, MR. FERRICK! KEEP AN EYE ON YOUR SON! HE HAS ALL THE MAKINGS OF A BAD APPLE!



A YEAR LATER, WHEN BILL WAS CAUGHT SHOPLIFTING IN A DEPARTMENT STORE...

I GOT HIM, OFFICER! HE WAS SNEAKING OUT WITH THE CAMERA!

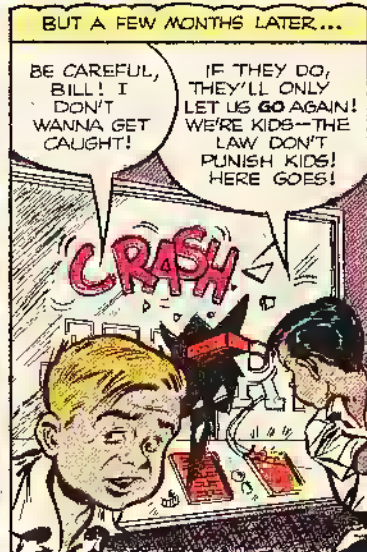
WHY, IT'S THE SAME KID THAT I LET GO LAST WEEK FOR STEALING A FOOTBALL! HE GAVE ME A SOB STORY!



BILL FERRICK WAS PLACED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF A PROBATION OFFICER...

THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE TO STAY OUT OF AN INSTITUTION, BILL! NEXT TIME, YOU'LL SEE THE INSIDE OF THE REFORM SCHOOL, UNDERSTAND?

YESSIR! ALL I WANT IS JUST ONE MORE CHANCE! THANK YOU, JUDGE!



BUT A FEW MONTHS LATER...

BE CAREFUL, BILL! I DON'T WANNA GET CAUGHT!

IF THEY DO, THEY'LL ONLY LET US GO AGAIN! WE'RE KIDS--THE LAW DON'T PUNISH KIDS! HERE GOES!



THE TWO DELINQUENTS WERE READY TO ESCAPE WITH THE JEWELS AND WATCHES WHEN...

DON'T MOVE--STAY WHERE YOU ARE, BOYS!

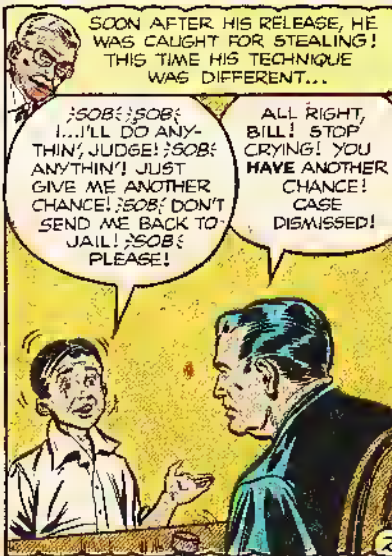
;GASP;  
A COPI



BILL FERRICK AND MACWAGRAM WERE SENT TO THE STATE PARENTAL SCHOOL FOR PUNISHMENT...

IT TAUGHT ME ONE THING--NEVER TO GET CAUGHT AGAIN! I'M SMARTER NOW!

NOBODY GETS AWAY, BILL! THE JAILS ARE JAMMED WITH SUCKERS WHO THINK THEY'RE SMARTER'N THE LAW! I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON!



SOON AFTER HIS RELEASE, HE WAS CAUGHT FOR STEALING! THIS TIME HIS TECHNIQUE WAS DIFFERENT...

;SOB; ;SOB; I...I'LL DO ANYTHIN', JUDGE! ;SOB; ANYTHIN'! JUST GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE! ;SOB; DON'T SEND ME BACK TO JAIL! ;SOB; PLEASE!

ALL RIGHT, BILL! STOP CRYING! YOU HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE! CASE DISMISSED!



YOU'VE READ WHAT BILL FERRICK DID WITH HIS LAST PROMISES—HIS FRANTIC PLEAS FOR FORGIVENESS! HIS REPENTANCE TOOK PLACE ONLY IN COURT...

AGE 12

AGE 14

AGE 19

SO—YOU'RE AT IT AGAIN, EH, LITTLE THIEF?

GAASP! I...IT'S A MISTAKE! I...I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS DOIN'!

Y...YOU GOTTA GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE, COPPER! YOU GOTTA!

HOW MANY CHANCES DO YOU WANT? YOU'VE USED UP ALL YOUR CHANCES, PUNK!

AT 21, FERRICK WENT TO AN ADULT HOUSE OF CORRECTION...

I'VE GOTTEN SMARTER WITH AGE! NOW I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THE BULLS! UP TILL NOW THEY WERE DEALIN' WITH A KID!

A KID OR AN OLD GEEZER, A GUY'S A SAP TO BREAK THE LAW! AIN'T YOU LEARNED THAT YET?

BUT NO SOONER WAS FERRICK OUT OF THE INSTITUTION, HE WAS OUT STEALING CARS WITH MAC WAGRAM AND...

PULL UP, AND STOP THE CAR, OR WE'LL LET YOU HAVE IT!

O...OKAY—GAASP! DON'T SHOOT—YOU GOT US!

THE LAW PUT WAGRAM AND FERRICK BEHIND BARS FOR A YEAR AND HALF! THEY CAME UP FOR PAROLE...

WE SEE THINGS STRAIGHT NOW, SIR! HONEST—WE'LL PROVE THAT WE'RE CURED ONCE AND FOR ALL!

THAT'S RIGHT, SIR! GIVE US ONE EXTRA CHANCE!

THEY GOT THAT EXTRA CHANCE, AND A FEW DAYS LATER...

I...I'M AFRAID, BILL! WHAT IF WE RUN INTO A BULL AGAIN?

MAC! IT'S JUST A HJACKIN' JOB! THE DRIVER ISN'T EVEN ARMED! C'MON!

THE DRIVER FROZE HIS HAND ON THE HORN...

GAASP! W...WE'RE SUNK! THAT'LL BRING EVERY COP IN TH' NEIGHBORHOOD!

THE BLAZES IT WILL! WE'RE GETTIN' OUTTA HERE—OVER HIS DEAD BODY!

D...DON'T SHOOT! OWW...MY SHOULDER!

B...BILL! GAASP! YOU CRAZY? PUT THAT ROD AWAY!

SHUT UP—LET'S GET GOIN'! AN' SHUT OFF THAT ALARM!

BANG! BANG!





HEY—  
STOP THAT  
TRUCK!

!GASP! I...I  
KNEW IT!  
I KNEW IT!  
A COPPER!

DON'T  
POINT AT  
HIM, YOU  
FOOL! OKAY,  
THEN, SHOOT!  
SHOOT!



FERRICK'S ADVICE WAS  
BAD! MAC GOT OFF  
ONE WILD SHOT AND...

EEAAA!!

MAC! MAC!  
!GASP! HE GOT  
IT! !GASP! I...I  
MIGHT BE  
NEXT!



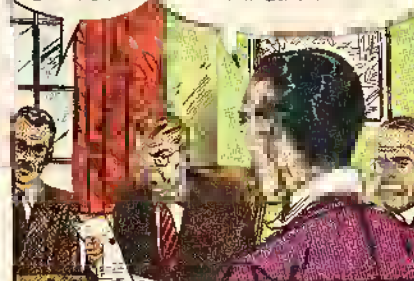
DON'T SHOOT! I'VE  
THROWN MY GUN AWAY!  
I WASN'T GOIN' TO  
USE IT! IT WAS MAC  
WHO FIRED AT YOU!  
MAC SHOT THE DRIVER,  
TOO! IT WAS MAC!

TELL IT  
TO THE  
JUDGE  
KEEP  
YOUR  
HANDS  
HIGH!

BILL GOT TEN YEARS FOR ARMED ROB-  
BERY AND ASSAULT, BUT BECAUSE OF GOOD  
BEHAVIOR IN SEVEN YEARS HE FOUND  
HIMSELF BEFORE A PAROLE BOARD...

THUS FAR  
YOU'VE BEEN  
MAKING  
PROMISES,  
BUT FAILED  
TO KEEP ANY  
OF THEM!

I WAS YOUNG AND  
FOOLISH, SIR! I'VE TRULY  
LEARNED MY LESSON  
NOW! I'M THROUGH  
WITH CRIME! IT'S ONLY  
GOTTEN ME ONE LONG  
JAIL SENTENCE!



FERRICK'S PLEA WAS EFFECTIVE!  
ONCE AGAIN HE WAS TURNED  
LOOSE! HE SOON JOINED A  
RACKET MOB, AND CONTINUED  
HIS STEALING WAYS—EVEN WHEN  
IT CAME TO ROMANCE...

SURE—I KNOW  
YOU'RE TRABERT'S  
GIRL...BUT THAT  
DOESN'T MEAN  
YOU CAN'T DO  
BETTER,  
HONEY!

TAKE  
ANOTHER  
GUESS—  
HERE  
COMES  
TRABERT!



I BEEN HEARIN'  
THINGS, FERRICK!  
SINCE I TOOK YOU  
INTO MY MOB, YOU  
BEEN TALKIN' OF  
TAKIN' OVER EVERY-  
THIN' I GOT—MY  
RACKET, MY GANG,  
MY GIRL...

WAIT,  
TRABERT!  
YOU BEEN  
LISTENIN'  
TO THE  
WRONG  
PEOPLE!



NO, FERRICK! THE  
ONLY ONE WHO'S WRONG  
IS YOU! I FIGURED THE  
BOYS OUGHTTA  
STRAIGHTEN YOU  
OUT! OKAY, BOYS!

YOU AIN'T STRAIGHTENIN'  
NOBODY OUT! I WILL!



...WITH  
THIS!

EYAAA...

H...HE'S SHOOTIN' UP  
THE PLACE! !GASP!  
H...HE'S GONE NUTS!  
YEEOW!!

AARGH...

BANG BANG  
BANG



WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED, THEY FOUND TWO DEAD THUGS AND A CALM KILLER...

HERE'S MY GUN, OFFICER! I HAD TO SHOOT THEM! IT WAS PURELY IN SELF-DEFENSE!

SELF-DEFENSE, EH? NEVER AT A LOSS FOR AN ALIBI, EH, FERRICK?



THE ALIBI HELPED TO AN EXTENT, IT WAS TRUE! FERRICK WENT ON TRIAL FOR MANSLAUGHTER, NOT MURDER, AND WAS CONVICTED...

YOU WILL SERVE A SENTENCE OF NOT LESS THAN TEN YEARS NOR MORE THAN TWENTY!

THANK YOU, YOUR HONOR! THIS COURT HAS BEEN MORE THAN JUST!




THIS WAS THE ONLY TRUTH BILL FERRICK EVER SPOKE. HE SERVED HIS TEN YEARS! NOW HE HAD APPLIED FOR A PAROLE! YOU LOOK AT HIS PAPERS...

HE'S SERVED HIS MINIMUM SENTENCE... WHY MAKE HIM SERVE TEN MORE YEARS? THEN AGAIN, CAN FERRICK BE TRUSTED TO GO BACK TO SOCIETY? AM I JUSTIFIED IN KEEPING HIM LOCKED UP?



THERE IT IS—THE CASE HISTORY AND THE DILEMMA! YOU ARE THE GOVERNOR AND ONLY YOU CAN DECIDE! WILL YOU LET FERRICK GO FREE, OR WILL YOU KEEP HIM LOCKED UP? FOR THE RESULTS OF YOUR DECISION, TURN THE PAGE UPSIDE DOWN!



THE END—BELONGED—IN THE GUTTER! FERRICK FINALLY ENDED UP WHERE HE BELONGED—BUT TRABERT'S GOONS BLASTED AWAY AND FERRICK CAUGHT IT! THE POLICE ARRIVED AND FOUND BOTH TRABERT AND FERRICK DEAD!



BANG! GET HIM! IT'S FERRICK! WAS TO AMBUSH TRABERT... BROKE OUT OF PRISON! HIS FIRST ACT IN THE ACTUAL CASE TURNED FERRICK'S WOULD HAVE BEEN WRONG! THE GOVERNOR IF YOU HAD DECIDED TO FREE FERRICK, YOU



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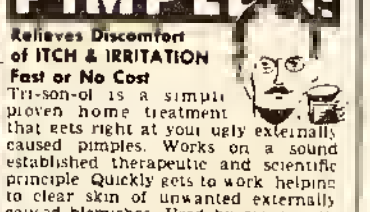
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